

When one to Engage me, a Bumper fill'd out,
 And gen'rously *Marlborough's* Health put about;
 Which I thought I'd return --- or else it shou'd fall hard,
 When filling another, I nam'd it to *Tallard*:
 I quickly perceiv'd (tho' I lik'd the Design)
 I was got among those, who ne'er flinch'd from their Wine;
 But stood to't as hard, as they e'er did in *VVars*,
 True *Vorries* to *Bacchus* as well as to *Mars*:
 VVith numerous Bumpers (all *Healts* now omitting)
 The Night prov'd too little to finish our Sitting,
 Nor could I perceive that they thought of retreating,
 Till finding at length, I had laid in my Store,
 I reel'd up to Bed 'bout the Hour of Four:
 Where season'd from Care--- I slept like a Top,
 And at Noon, with a Head full of Whims, I got up;
 When the Widow came to me, and kindly ask'd what,
 Perceiving me squeamish, I'd please to have got?
 I wish'd 'twas her Daughter--- but told her she knew,
 What wou'd heal a Man's Stomach--- was ready to---
 Who, at my condition being ready to laugh---
 I swore her *French* Heroes, had pepper'd me off.
 When having sup'd down what the Widow had got me,
 I now of the reck'ning (tho' needless) berhought me.
 For off'ring to pay for my Wine and my Meat,
 I found it had all been a Gen'rous Treat:
 Being somewhat surpriz'd---
 I ask'd if they frequently acted such things?
 She told me, they all were as noble as Kings,
 Ne'er valu'd their Money--- of which they had plenty,
 But Treat, and were Treated, about by the Gentry;
 Once or twice, since they came, they have given a Ball,
 And highly---
 The Charms of our bright *English* Ladies extol:
 By whom they confess that their Hearts were subdu'd.
 So much for the Heroes --- and now to conclude;
 Having view'd all the Town --- I have nothing to bring in,
 But a spacious fine *Church*, with a deal of sad Singing:
 VVhen meeting at length with a Friend I'd long known,
 VVho from *Cheshire* was just on his Journey to Town,
 I told him with Joy, since I fortun'd to see him,
 If he'd lye there all Night, I'd e'en go along with him:
 So declaring the Maggot had brought me down thither,
 Next Morning for *London* we set out together.

A

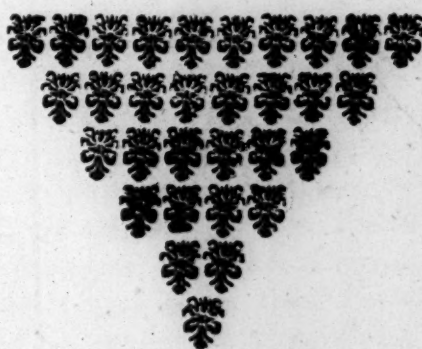
4

Poetical Description OF BRISTOL.

Pam 8

By WILLIAM GOLDWIN, A. M. Late Fellow of
King's-College in Cambridge, Now Master of the Gram-
mar School in *BRISTOL*.

---*Si non hîc. tantus fructus ostenderetur, & si ex his stu-
diis delectatio sola peteretur: Tamen, ut opinor, hanc
animi remissionem, humanissimam ac liberalissimam judi-
caretis. Nam---hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem
oblectant.*---Tull. pro Archia Poetâ.



L O N D O N :

Printed for, and are to be Sold by *Joseph Penn* Book-seller against the Corn-Mar-
ket in *Wine-Street Bristol*, and Sold by *Sam. Crouch* at the Corner of *Popes-
Head-Alley in Cornhil*. 1712.

BRISTOL
OF
Poetical Description

By William Cowper, Esq.
Author of "The Task," "The Great Court," &c.
In two Volumes. 8vo. 1793.

Printed by J. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, Bristol.
1793.



LONDON
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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

A Preface to a Trifle, which rose from an Evening Walk or two, is an unnecessary Expence of Time and Paper; yet, since a Prelude in Writing is as fashionable, as a Voluntary in Musick, I will take the common Freedom to inform the Reader, that, if I had acted in any other Capacity, than my present, I would not have appear'd upon the Stage of the World in a Poetical Habit. But, a Readiness to do this City any Honour in Acknowledgment of some additional Favours for the Encouragement of the School, a Request of a valuable Friend, a Willingness to promote Polite Learning among Youth, and as barely a Desire to eclipse those false Lights of bad Poetry among us, that may misguide Childrens Fancies by such horrid Impropriety of Thought and Expression, as the Witlings Scribble appear in; and that Bristol, which is a Sort of second London in every Thing but Vitiousness, may have something of its own Growth, without taking up with their stale Pieces, as we do with their Fashions: These Motives, forwarded by a natural Love to this diverting Study, inclin'd me to draw this Poetical Description, wherein, like Amphion with his Thebes, I have only endeavour'd, by this Sort of Musick, to raise the City-buildings above the common Level, into as much Beauty and Order, as the Subject would bear: And I hope a Classsical Exercise is no false Latin from a publick School-Master, Part of whose Business, is, either by Pattern or other Ways, to tip the Pens of the young Gentlemen under his Care, with a Fineness of Style in either Verse or Prose-Compositions in the three School-Languages. And indeed a Piece of Poetry is but the natural Result of those Traces, which the constant passing of Homer, Horace, and Virgil through our Ears, must needs leave upon our Brains; as Men that converse much with Drums and Trumpets, carry the Sound in their Heads, 'till they affect a Sort of Imitation of the Musick with their Mouths.

I had some Thoughts of forming a more extensive Scheme upon the Rules of Aristotle, Horace and Longinus; and an Expedition from this Port, headed by a gallant Adventurer, furnishes as good Materials for an Heroick Poem, as the Argonauticks of Apollonius Rhodius, or Valerius Flaccus: But the Appearance of some, and Expectation of other Prose-journals in Print, will perpetuate that successful Project, without any further Tryal.

As for the following Performance, the only Difficulty lay in making the Transitions, which are in Composition what the Joints are in a Piece of Cabinet-work; they must decently slide under the Eye of the Reader, without shewing him the Gap;

Tantum Series juncturaq; pollet. — Hor.

My Subject consisting of a disjointed View, oblig'd me to smooth those Passages with as much Coherence as possible; not that I can pretend to as great an Exactness in this Point, as Horace, that fine Master of this Nicety in Writing, has shewn us; yet I hope the Stitches are drawn fine enough to deceive the Eye at first Sight.

As

To the READER.

As for the Style; as Vossius observes, that the middle Oratory betwixt the grand and the low, is the most agreeable Vein, I have kept the same Rule here, and directed my Pen between the Sublimity of Virgil, and the easy Familiarity of Horace, having all along in my Eye, the Epistles of the one, and the Georgicks of the other; there being no Piece so proper, as the last, to raise and beautify a common Subject into Loftiness and Majesty, nor any so agreeable a Way, as the former Writer's familiar Decency of Expression, to temper and qualify the Sublime.

As for Similies and Illustrations (which are commonly call'd the Graces or Lights of Poetry) a Man must be as plain in his Imagination, as a Quaker in his Dress, that can't relish such Embellishments, there being no true Poetry without such Flourishes; these are as it were the bright Colours in Painting. I have not been sparing in those Ornamental Fineries; and I hope the Frequency of such Flowers in the Greek and Latin Poets of the first Rate, will excuse that Airyness. I shan't be so Pedantick (tho' a Schoolmaster) as to repeat the many long Similitudes in Homer, Virgil, and especially Lucan; but because an Instance from Horace is the shortest, give me leave to quote these three Lines as an Example of a double Illustration to one Thought —

Sæpe iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit;
Ut puerum sævo credas dictata magistro
Reddere, vel partes Mimum tractare Secundas. —

But if this Description has any Thing to recommend it to a leisure Hours Reading, it must be the Inoffensiveness of the Entertainment, as being clear of Personal or Party-Reflections, which, (though the darling Topick of every Pamphlet) generally spoil the two Ends of all Writing, and do nothing but add Fuel to a burning Flame; so that in Point of Temper and Principle, as being exactly true to the several Branches of our Constitution in its Ecclesiastical and Civil Establishments, without deviating to either Right or Left, or holding any secret Reserves for any other Interest, but that of the Establish'd Religion, Reason, and Truth, I avoided all Glances at Parties. And, indeed, since a foul Pen is as much a Blot in Style, as in good Manners, I rather chose to lean to the Panegyrick to encourage Vertue, than fret the Sore-places of Human Nature by the Saltiness of Satyr, being not at all fond of old Lucilius's Commendation.

—— Quòd fæle multo
Urbem defricuit. ——

But if the Harmlessness of the Matter can't gain the Reader, let me recommend it for the Newness of the Subject, there being nothing of this Sort among the Ancients, which has often surpriz'd me, when I consider'd that Athens and Rome contain'd such a Collection of beautiful Buildings, and each City well furnish'd with Poetical Pens to do 'em Justice; there are some scatter'd Hints and occasional Touches in the Augustan Writers, at the Greatness and Situation of Rome; but 'tis only done en passant: Propertius indeed in that Copy, (whence I drew my Motto) runs a Comparison between Rome in its Infancy under Romulus, and the same City in its full Growth in Augustus's Reign; but 'tis far from a descriptive Delineation of the Place. As for any English Compositions of this Nature, I can find none, but Mr. Addison's Description of Italy, and Sir John Denham's Coopers Hill: The First took in the Scope of the Garden of the World, in an ingenious Draught of his Travels, the other play'd his Fancy on the Royal Palace, and adjacent Views of Windsor-Castle. And as he took his Rise from an Hill, I borrow'd the Hint, and began my Description from St. Michaels near this City; so that if this Draught can come in Third for your Favour, 'tis so far new and uncommon.

I am

To the READER.

I am sensible, that, whilst I am giving my self these Poetical Airs, I get the Pish and Frown of dull phlegmatick Persons, because these gay Parts of Learning are their Aversion, as being the very Reverse of their Tempers; yet, excepting with an Humourist or two, who like nothing, not even Themselves, two Days together, I flatter my self this Amusement may pass for a pardonable Folly; such a Folly, as the ablest Masters of the Latin Tongue, both ancient and modern, have indulg'd themselves in. For if we search for Horace, Virgil, or Ovid in their Retirements, we catch them with Pen in Hand at this Sport: I need not tell you, how the A—s, the P—s, the S—s within our Age have advanc'd their Fortunes and Reputation by these youthful Exercises; not that I use such great Precedents to recommend Poetry as an essential indispensable Part of human Literature; but rather propose it in Imitation of those Leaders, to be follow'd as a Diversion and Relaxation to graver Studies; remembering the famous Satyrist's Rule. —

———Ubi quid datur otii
Illudo chartis ———Hor. ———

Indeed I must speak so far in its Behalf, that, where a lively Genius (for 'tis a Gift of Nature, improveable by Reading, Imitation and Practice) where a Fancy temper'd with Judgment, good Humour, and Pleasantry, have drawn the Lines, the Beauty of a Poetical Ability is pretty Drapery to the Picture; and if a Youth considers what a Stock of good Learning shines in all the Verse-writers in both Languages, 'tis as insipid a Journey, thro' such a beautiful Track of Knowledge without some relish of the Muses, as to go through a fine Gallery of Painting, without having some Hand or Judgment at a Pencil: Nay, even Holy Writ, besides its plain Strength and Sincerity of Speech, has as fine Lights of Poetry, as the brightest Heathen can produce; the Books of Job, Psalms, and Solomon's Song, are wonderful Instances of this Kind. And tho' the Proverbs are a Rhapsody of Moral Sentences; yet, as they are Illustrated by Abundance of ancient Similies and Comparisons, they look, in my Eye, much such a Piece of Poetry as Pythagoras's Golden Verses. The Lamentations of Jeremiah are certainly a more moving Elegiack-Composition, than those Pathetical Descriptions of Grief, which relate to Andromache or Achilles in Homer, or to Priam or Æneas in the Fall of Troy. I might add the several Hymns in the New Testament, and perhaps the Visionary Schemes in the Revelations, may bear a Part in this Train of Divine Poetry; for the whole is full of sublime Images, and strong Ideas of Godlike Awe and Omnipotence: But the noblest Piece of grand Style in the whole Scripture, is Deborah's Song, which I look upon as a truer Epinikion, than ever Virgil with all his Majesty could have drawn for his Cæsar, after the Fight at Actium. And I never read that famous Reduplication of Expression ———

The River of Kishon swept them away, that ancient
River, the River Kishon. ———

But my Admiration for Dionysius's beautiful Imitation of that Repetition, presently abates in favour of the Divine Composer before the Heathen Geographer, whose Lines are ———

Θύμβρις ἐλίσσόμενος πύματον ῥόν εἰς ἅλα βάλλει,
Θύμβρις εὐρρέτης, ποταμῶν βασιλευτάτος ἁλῶν,
Θύμβρις, ὅς ἡμερτὴν ἀποτιμνέται ἀνδρὶ χαρῶμιν,
Ρώμην πικρῶσαν. ———

To the READER.

But if there is an inimitable Stroke of Grandour in the World, 'tis in these Words. —

At her Feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her Feet he bow'd, he fell; where he bow'd, there he fell down dead — *Judges Chap. 5. Ver. 27th. —*

Here Tautology is a noble Beauty, and Repetition an Elevation of the Figure. Identity of Expression is commonly cloying; but here, like the State of Blessedness, 'tis the Scale of its own Perfection. Tully's closing his Periods with three or four weighty Verbs of much the same Importance — such as his —

Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit — in his Oration against Cataline, or Virgils notable Verse of —

Sternitur, exanimisq; tremens procumbit humi Bos. —

fall far short of that Divine Stroke in the Thanksgiving Song aforementioned. Nay, in the common Translations of the Bible, whether by Accident or Design, the 25th Verse of the Chapter falls into a couple of blank Verses —

He asked Water, and she gave him Milk,
She brought forth Butter in a Lordly Dish—;

In a Word, I don't obtrude this Observation on Scriptural Poetry, to repeat a known Truth, that the Spirit of God is more Powerful than Human, and that Vox Dei in the Oracles of Heaven, can talk better than those of Apollo; but, to satisfy my Scholars, that Poetry is not without a Sanction even from the Best of Books; and that a Perusal of the Classick Poets, with an Ability to compose after them, is no Hindrance or Disparagement to other Studies, but will rather lead them thro' all the Parts of Humanity-Learning with greater Pleasure and Satisfaction. To conclude, if Poetry does not light into bad Hands, nor run into Obscenity, or abusive, malicious Satyr, besides the other Advantages mention'd in Horace's Epistle to Cæsar in the 2d Book, 'tis an agreeable Mixture with other Scholastick Education, and a pretty Accomplishment for the youthful Part of Mankind; for whose Service and Diversion, I in some Measure prepar'd the following Entertainment, leaving it upon your Palate with the modish Housewives Compliment (when she has made all the Preparations imaginable for Nicety and Show) I am sorry I had no better Provision for such good Friends; but you are very Welcome to what you find before you.

W. G.

A

A
Poetical Description
 O F
B R I S T O L,

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Mayor,
 the Aldermen, and Common Council, and other Inha-
 bitants of the City of *Bristol*.

Mœnia namq; pio conor disponere versu :

Hei mihi! quòd nostro est parvus in ore sonus.

Sed tamen exiguo quodcunq; è pectore rivi

Fluxerit, hoc, Prætor, serviat omne tibi. Propert.

TH O' Muses court the shady Groves and Greens,
 And finest Fancies rise in Sylvan Scenes,
 Where purling Streams in gentle Smoothness go,
 And teach Poetick Numbers how to flow ;
 Yet, great Directress of the *tuneful Nine*,
 Suspend your Joys, your rural Seats resign ;
 A nobler Theme in grander Thoughts pursue,
 An ancient City is a glorious View,
 Ancient in Priviledge, in Politeness new ;
 Where Nature's Hand and Arts Improvement join,
 To make the Place in useful Greatness shine ;
 Whose Oozy Banks with two great Streams inlaid,
 And Naval Strength alternately convey'd,
 Command the Staple of the *Western Trade*.
 Ingenious Arts, and genteel Manners meet,
 And *London* seems to rise in ev'ry Street :
 Gay Modes of Life, and courtly Fashions spread,
 And even Learning shoots a blooming Head.

The three Professions of the polish'd Strain,
 Dispensing Gospel, Health, and Justice, reign
 In high Applause, and worthy Honours gain.
 Whilst the kind Nurs'rys of instructive Schools,
 Sway'd by *Directors* and establish'd Rules,
 Still fresh Supplies of future Greatness frame,
 The City's second Hopes, and growing Fame.
 Methinks I see, in Nature's early Plan,
 A hopeful Youth bespeak a worthy Man;
 When Vertue's Pencil, riper Sense, and Arts,
 Adorn the Picture, and compleat the Parts.
 So Optick Glasses in a Seed descry
 A perfect Plant in small Proportion lye;
 Till Mother Earth, and ripening Sun agree,
 To form the Infant Product to a Tree.

What Scenes of Wealth! What Heaps of Wonder
 What new and ancient Fabricks crou'd the Skies! (rise!
 Here Monuments of *Living Founders* Praise,
 There sacred Piles a serious Pleasure raise;
 While Sets of private Buildings seem to vye
 With publick Domes, the rival Objects try,
 Like airy Dames, to meet the coming Eye.
 Each lofty Mansion is an ample Theme,
 Stor'd with Ideas for a Poets Scheme;
 And, tho' divided Views the Fancy break,
 And incoherent Starts in Method make;
 The whole Collection shall my Numbers grace,
 And grateful Lines a fair Description trace.

Then first ascend a gently-rising (a) *Hill*,
 Whose rocky Cliffs in trickling Streams distil;
 Here wealthy Citts, discharg'd from worldly Cares,
 To tast the Sweets of Penitence and Pray'rs;
 Conclude the downward Race of falling Years,
 In constant Worship, and religious Tears;
 Wisely exchanging mercenary Gain,
 To deal in *Pearls of Price*, and Heav'n obtain.

(a) *St. Michael's.*

Here sickly Souls, with broken Health, repair
To suck the wholesome Draughts of healing Air;
Till Life serenely fann'd with balmy Winds
In Nature's Breath a kind Physician finds.

Around the Brow a Train of Buildings run,
Reliev'd with airy Gales and lively Sun,
Whose rip'ning Heat at Morn and Noon displays
The double Tribute of indulgent Rays:
Sure the great Fountain of diurnal Light
Mistakes the Place for steep *Parnassus* Height;
And kindly warms the soft refreshing Air,
To bless the beauteous Nymphs residing there.

But lo! a curious *Lodge* of graceful Form
Reddens in Blushes, like the rising Morn;
A seeming Palace, yet a Country Seat
Fine without Pomp, without Profuseness great.
The charming Place adjoyning Gardens mend,
Whose sloping Falls in easy Steps descend;
Here blossom'd Trees, and *Flora's* painted Head
The fragrant Scents of blooming Nature spread;
Whilst verdant Turf, in mossy Carpets lain,
Neat Walks extend, and form an artful Plain;
Whose Sides adorn'd with Rows of standard Greens
Preserve eternal Spring in lasting Scenes.

Hail happy Seats, contriv'd with wholesome Skill,
You rule the Valley, and obey the Hill;
Above the vapid Steams of foggy Grounds,
Beneath the stormy Blasts of higher Mounds;
Where *Royal-fort*, like *Ilium's* Tower, stands,
O'erlooks the Town, and downward View commands.
Here ancient Wars a strong Encamp'ment drew,
Some hostile Marks the furrow'd Trenches shew;
Now softer Arts the warlike Model grace,
And *Venus* seems t'usurp her Partner's Place:
Retired Seats, with Garden-beautys crown'd,
Alcoves and fruitful Walks adorn the Ground.

This Summit gain'd, a Range of Objects rise,
And Nature's Landskip fills the wand'ring Eyes;

Lo! Hills aspiring mount with lofty Heads,
 And humble Meadows sink in grassy Beds:
 O'er Hights and Falls the Eye and Thought extend,
 Go down with Valleys and with Hills ascend;
 The quick Exchange of such unequal Views
 Fresh Scenes with great Variety renews.

If wilder Draughts, and ruder Prospects please,
 Behold! a cluster'd Wood of bushy Trees,
 Whose hamper'd Boughs, an artless Straggling show,
 And, like the savage Natives, shaggy grow.

(a) A Royal Title crowns the rugged Place,
 But Oh! how unlike Kings the present Race!
 A tatter'd Brood of rough laborious Souls,
 Who earth'd, like Worms, in subterranean Holes
 Beneath the Blessing of the purer Air,
 Thro' darksome Caves a Miner's Labour bear,
 And Magazines of Coals from Nature's Bowels tear.

If horrid Sights the tender Eye offend,
 The adverse Plains the growing Prospect mend.
 As, when *Æneas* left the dark Abode,
Elysium's Fields a double Brightness show'd.
 Survey the *Farm*, where fair *Aurelia* pines
 In mourning Weeds, yet thro' the Window shines.
 So fine-drawn Clouds the shaded Moon conceal,
 Yet Darts of Luster pierce the cloudy Veil.
 A thousand Charms the pleasant *Villa* grace,
 But more the lovely Princess of the Place:
 Here Fancy feed, here wearied Eyes relieve,
 The Place is *Eden*, and the Owner *Eve*.

Now leave the lengthen'd Views of distant Fields,
 A nearer Circle City-prospects yields.
 Here Pyramids of sacred Temples grow,
 And spiral Tops to *Heav'nly Ruler* show;
 Whose virtual Presence fills the Domes below.
 A comely Form the stately Buildings grace,
 An inward Worship suits the outward Face;

A Worship, fairly drawn from two Extremes,
The high *Papistick*, or *Genevan* Schemes;
Refin'd from both, in decent Order clean,
The *English* Method keeps the *Golden Mean*.

As temp'rate Climes a due Proportion hold
Between the scorching Heat and freezing Cold.

Each lofty Pile an artful Emblem wears,
Whose Vanes obsequious to the shifting Airs
In whiffling Turns, like crafty Statesman's Mind,
High Stations hold, yet tack with ev'ry Wind.

Within the Shell, diviner Forms appear;
'Tis all Religion, all Devotion there.

A solemn Neatness shines on ev'ry Side,
A Neatness unadorn'd with *Romish* Pride.
Here grave Divines, by high Commission sent
To prove the Great *Creator's* Testament,
Stanch Gospel-Truths in serious Language preach,
And Christian Lessons, best of Learning, teach.
Favonio's Tongue a crouded Audience gains,
While *Pantheus* raises Zeal with sacred Strains;
Scribonio's Soundness knotty Texts divides,
While *Lelio's* Sense in moving Sweetness glides;
So forcible and clear the Rhetorick flows,
Like polisht Steel, it Strength and Brightness shows.

Hail sacred Tribes, proceed with prudent Zeal,
With *Gilead's* Balm the fatal Breaches heal;
The harmless Dove and cunning Serpent joyn,
And Christian Hearts in friendly Joy combine.
As shining Lights by Doctrine, Life, and Love,
Dark clouds of Vice and Ignorance remove.
As faithful Subjects to the *Prince of Peace*
From odious Terms of *new Distinctions* cease;
The State of Conscience, not of Empire, search,
Then shine a *Royal Priesthood* of a glorious Church.
But hold---'tis magisterial bold Pretence,
To dictate Precepts to superior Sense.

My roving, Eye by filial Duty led,
Descrys an ancient Pile, whose lofty Head

With

With Marks of old Magnificence appears
Like comely Matron in declining Years.

A worthy *Prelate*, of diviner Grace,
Presides as *Guardian Angel* of the Place;
In Reputation, Sense, and Manners, clear,
To nothing, but enormous Vice, severe.
By Standard-Rules of Truth and Honour led
He shines the Clergys Pattern, Friend, and Head;
In two high Posts by higher Powers plac'd,
With Privy Seal, the Lawn and Mitre grac'd.
In him the Bishop and the Statesman meet,
And jointly form a Character compleat;
Whose well pois'd Cares in equal Ballance go
To serve the Throne above, and that below.
So *Rome's Dictators* double Functions bore,
Now sacred Vests, now civil *Toga's* wore.
So still Electors of the *German Line*,
In princely Robes and priestly Habits shine.

Above the Confines of the Prelate's Seat,
An old Cathedral venerably great
From rising Ground a bulky Building rears,
And prints of Time in rugged Aspect bears.
Injurious Time! thy keenest Rage employ,
And gnaw with Envy what you can't destroy;
Whilst inward Worship shews a cleanly Face,
And true Devotion adds a second Grace,
Omnipotent Eternity protects the Place.

Here double Organ, set with tuneful Keys,
Thro' speaking Tubes melodious Anthems plays;
Whilst choral Voices from harmonious Throats,
True Consort make with corresponding Notes.
If airy *Trebles* elevate the Soul,
The mellow *Base* the rising Joys controul;
In middle Vein the soothing *Tenor* runs,
And two Extremes, like Moderator, shuns.
Meanwhile the vaulted Canopy rebounds
The vocal Airs and instrumental Sounds;

A sweet Resemblance of the Saints above,
Whose Hallelujahs echo Peace and Love.

When publick Blessings publick Joys create;
Here *Magistracy* walk in ample State:

The solemn Train in pompous Order led,
By worthy *Council*, and a worthier Head,
To God and *Queen* religious Honours pay,
While Tides of thronging People fill the Way.
Whole Bands of Artists ancient Fin'ry show,
And streaming Flags in pageant Honours flow.

So *Senators* in proper Robes array'd
Triumphal Joys at *Jove's* high Temple paid,
When *Cesar's* Troops victorious Arms display'd.

As next in Order, so in Goodness, stands
The (a) double Gift of great *Eusebio's* Hands.
Each Fabrick shines, the pious Founder more;
Whose inexhausted Funds of growing Store
Forward Devotion, and relieve the Poor.

Here Youth imbibe Religion's early Seeds,
Before the Ground-work takes the vitious Weeds:
There pious Age, with Life's declining Rays,
Secures a safe Retreat for latter Days.

So careful Gard'ners with unwearied Pain
Young Nurs'ries plant, and bending Trees sustain:
And whilst to both they equal Care extend,
The Fruits of both the nurt'ring Hand commend;
The rich Effects admit this good Dispute,
Which Happiest grows, the Planter or the Fruit.

If real modest Goodness wanted Praise,
The Man and Works might farther Fancies raise;
How Riches faster than our Wishes flow
From God's dispensing Steward here below;
How spreading Bounties, like the mighty Deep,
Distribute Streams, yet still a Fulness keep;
How such Foundations laid in zealous Love
Build up a more enduring House above;

(a) Mr. Colston's two Hospitals.

But fulsome Praise bedaub's a spotless Name,
 A Bank of Merit, is a Bank of Fame.
 Let hundred Mouths the glorious Truth declare,
 Whose Souls and Bodies tast the Donor's Care.

Beneath the Hill, where this Foundation grows,
Frome's muddy Stream in troubled Water flows;
 Where intervening Inlets of the Tide,
 A lengthen'd Key, and rising Bank divide.

Here active Scenes of Naval Labour reign,
 And wooden Cradles infant Ships sustain.
 Imperfect some by gradual Workings grow,
 Some finish'd Hulls in large Proportion show;
 O'er slipp'ry Frames some Maiden Vessels fly
 In launching Sweeps, and *Neptune's* Favour try;
 Pledges entrusted to the boundless Deep,
 (Ye Winds and Waves the darling Pledges keep!)
 Wide Ocean's Bosom is a Gulph of Woe,
 Where frightful Scenes in ghastly Figures grow:
 Yet how the *floating Islands* fearless go!

Till Age, Misfortune, *Gallick* Fraud or Force,
 Dissolve the Frame, or interrupt the Course.
 So human Bodies sev'ral Stages have,
 From the babes Cradle, to the old Man's Grave.
 Here useful Docks to nice Perfection brought,
 With wooden Ribs and costly Engines wrought.
 An inland Port in hollow'd Bosoms keep,
 Where new or shatter'd Gallies safely Sleep,
 Till Time and Tide remand them to the Deep.

Here Sons of *Vulcan*, smear'd with pallid Sweat,
 Alternate Blows in tuneful Smitings beat;
 Redoubled Sounds the clatt'ring Bars repeat.

A busier Stage employs the noisy Key,
 Lo! Bales of Wealth the World's Encrease display;
 What diff'rent Climes, nay, distant Orbs produce,
Virginia's Weed, and *Spain's* enriching Juice
 (Two constant Friends for chearful Use design'd)
 Here Side by Side in social Order joyn;

Each Tribute lays at Sov'reign *Anna's* Feet,
Then mix in Mirth, and Tipplers Joy compleat :
For moist'ning Draughts and parching smoaky Leaf
Provide and give a mutual kind Relief.

Here Ships, escap'd from Ocean's dang'rous Flood,
Find soft Repose in Oozy Beds of Mud ;
Yet when th' alternate Motions of the Tide
In upward Surge, or downward Ebbings glide,
In pompous Bulk the buoyant Vessels ride.

Here lay the (a) *Rangers of the Southern Seas*,
That bore a *Jason*, and return'd a Fleece,
A Fleece adorn'd, like Sacrifice of old,
With ornamental Silks and costly Gold.

Here *Norway* Masts to native Tempests bred
Withstand the Wind, and rear a taper Head ;
While *Zephyrs* fill the hollow spreading Sails,
And whiffing Streamers play in wanton Gales ;
In twisted Ropes the upper Tackling runs,
In lower Forms a levell'd Tire of Guns
Stand faithful Guardians to the hidden Store,
When daring Foes provoke the dreadful Roar.
The whole Machine contriv'd with nicest Art
Displays a noble Form in ev'ry Part.

So Links of Fibres joyn'd in human Plan
Support the whole Compound of Lordly Man.

Here foreign Traders Goods and Heart embark ;
A trusty Captain guides the modern Ark ;
Which, like the Pattern of the floating Frame,
Contains a Set of Creatures much the same ;
In Manners, plain, in Looks and Language, coarse,
And, like the Speaking Trumpet, always hoarse ;
A merry Crew of honest thoughtless Souls,
That bury worldly Cares in cheerful Bowls ;
For *Mars* or *Venus* equally design'd,
At different Ports to different Nymphs inclin'd,
The Rovers change their Fancy with the Wind.

(a) *Duke and Dutchess Privateers.*

Yet useful Limbs of State: the hardy Strain
Support the Fleet, and drive the Merchants Gain.

A neighbouring (a) Fabrick of peculiar Frame,
That bears the *Proto-martyr's* Sacred Name,
Whose Top, like *Cybel's* Crown, in Turrets grows,
And strokes of Art at ev'ry Turret shows,
For holy Service built, with high Disdain
Surveys this lower Stage of earthly Gain.

Could Criticks Wit or Writers Rules excuse
The forward Sallies of a willing Muse;
I'd gladly traverse the *Parochial* Round,
And paint in brightest Lines the wealthy Ground;
I'd sing th' embodied Merchants spacious Seat,
The grand Parade of *Sheriffs* yearly Treat,
Where Nature, Art, and Delicacy joyn
To make a sumptuous Feast in Dainties shine:
The fatted Capon, and the luscious Fish
Regales the curious Tooth with lovely Dish;
Bright sparkling Wine with frothy Purple crown'd
Performs the Loyal Healths in circling round;
Whilst *Bristol-Milk*, which *Spanish* Vineyards squeeze,
With mellow Taft the aged Palates please.
I'd praise the snug Retreat, where Bounties keep
The impoverisht Relicks of the angry Deep,
'Till hoary Heads, releas'd from Winds and Wave,
Go down with Pleasure to an earthly Grave.
In such Encomiums should the Muses talk,
And cast a soure Look at *Ropers* Walk,
Where Things, like Crabs, in awkward Motions go,
And Retrograde the twirling Cordage throw;
A needful Branch of Trade: but seated there
Hampers the Purlicus of the Noble Square.
I'd bid the dirty Street, where Jovial Tars
Revel in Rudeness and Domestick Jarrs,
Where hasty Love and compound Liquors flow,
Cleaner in Morals and Behaviour grow.

(a) *St. Stephens Tower.*

But, Muse, from Satyr's poyson'd Darts forbear;
The soothing Panegyrick Style prepare.
I humble Subjects leave, by higher led
To view the City's Trade at (a) *Fountain Head*,
Where working Brains from diverse Quarters meet;
And wealthy Commerce drive in eager Heat:
As burning Glasses scatter'd Rays unite
In central Point, then raise a kindling Light.
Tho' distant Worlds in largest Compass run
From Pole to Pole from *East* to *Western Sun*;
The whole Extent, where trading Action reigns,
This busy Spot, as in a Map, contains.

Some unconcern'd in idle Motions stalk,
Mere Expletives, to croud the cover'd Walk,
Whilst buzzing Tongues in Traffick-language talk;
Some whisper private News in Partner's Ear,
And drop a secret Hint of *Privateer*,
(An hateful Monster dreaded more by far
Than Savage *Mobock* or a blazing Star.)
No sailing Gally cuts the watry Main,
But here sails swifter in the Owners Brain.
Whose Hopes and Fears, like Blushes, come and go,
At ev'ry Tide the Passions ebb and flow.
Hope wings the Sails, and coming Ships forestalls;
Fear clips the Thought, and rising Pleasure palls;
Thus Trader's Heart, like Bank-stock, mounts and falls.
Here louting Pouts or cheerful Aspects reign,
As Fortune frowns in Loss, or smiles in Gain:
Thus Glasses silver'd Humours sink or rise,
As fair or cloudy Weather rules the Skies.

The open Stage *Corinthian* Standards grace;
But Oh! a richer Metal sways the Place.
For Trade to Gain by natural Instinct tends,
As *Magick Rod* to hidden Treasure bends.

Now view a neighb'ring House, where Porers see
The World's Transactions in *Epitome*:

(a) *Tolzey*.

Here wise Remarkers on the Church and State
 O'er *Turkish* Lap and smoaky Whiffs debate,
 Dispose of States and Kingdoms, not their Own,
 And settle *Charles*, or *Phil* on *Spanish* Throne.
 Here Half-sheet Authors in Confusion lye,
 And kindling Stuff for Party Heats supply.
 Pernicious Scribblers! how your Works enflame
Britannia's happy Church and civil Frame!
 Like clean *Spectator's* Style, in Smoothness run,
 Mix Wit with Sense, and factious Contests shun.

But Lo! an humble Cell in Nook behind
 A (a) *Sister-Office* of the Paper kind,
 Where Men, like *Lapland* Traders for a Wind,
 Bargain for Safety, and provide a Cure
 For Fortune's Blow, and floating Chance ensure.
 Ingenious Play to save an after Game,
 And baffle all the Tricks of *fickle Dame*.
 These two Retreats, Trade's useful Hand-Maids, prove,
 As Under-springs the greater Engines move.
 Two nobler Structures of an ample Size
 On either Side the publick *Tolzey* rise;
 The (b) *Seat of Justice* in majestick State,
 A weighty Pile in plainest Beauty great;
 Without such curious Flourishes of Art
 As *London's Change* or *Woodstock-House* impart;
 For Use and Ages built, the lasting Court
 In solid Greatness keeps an awful Port.
 So Epick Poems built on true *Sublime*
 Disdaining little Turns in Grandeur climb.
 Here Magistrates in civil Order meet,
 And weekly Cares in legal Forms repeat,
 Dispensing Justice from the Bench of Law
 To save the Injur'd, and the Vicious aw.

The adverse Frame unpolisht Greatness shows,
 And, true Church-Work, in slow Advances grows;

(a) *The Insurance-Office.* (b) *Council-House.*

Not Want of Zeal, or chearful Gifts of Gold,
But jarring Schemes the pious Work withhold:
When nimbler Hands th' imperfect Dome compleat,
'Twill shine in Beauty, and its Rival greet.

Oh! happy Stage between! whose grand Resort
Lies 'twixt a Temple and a Judgment Court;
No wonder Merchants Dealings run so true,
While Justice and Devotion stand in View.

In open Front an artful *Cross* displays
The curious Remnant of the former Days:
The gilded Kings enthron'd in Chairs of State
An awful Love for Monarchy create;
The scepter'd Signs, whose glitt'ring Figures stand
In lively Form, with seeming Aw Command
Four subject Streets, that hence divided run
From *North* to *South*, from *East* to setting Sun,

Here *Cornu-copia*, from her rural Stores,
In various Shapes luxuriant Plenty pours;
Bright *Cereal* Grain, or sweet *Pomona's* Fruit,
Or Herbage cloath'd in Nature's lovely Suit,
Or tender Fatlings from the Herd or Flock
The City's Wants with Life's Refreshment stock;
With thousand Dainties of delicious Meats
Which (a) *Catius* better knows than Verse repeats;
The plenteous Scenes such vast Profusion shew,
As if transplanted Fields in Cities grew.

The (b) Southward Range in shelving Breadth descends,
A Church with portal Arch the Prospect ends;
A (c) Judgment Hall commands the middle Space,
A King in outward Nich adorns the Place.
Here legal Officers in Trains resort,
And humming Noises fill the busy Court.
Here fine-mouth'd Students of the knotty Law
Sharp poinant Tongues for verbal Combat draw;

(a) *Catius* a noted *Epicure* in *Horace*.

(c) *Guild-hall*.

(b) *Broad-street*.

In florid Talk a Mock-engagement fight,
 Yet love as Brothers, and in Fees unite.
 So Gladiators seeming Wars maintain,
 And mutual Blows exchange for mutual Gain.

The (a) Street above in long extended Lines
 More to the *Eastward* than the *North* inclines;
 'Till an (b) old *Fabrick* terminates the View,
 Where mournful Debtors weep in ghastly Hue.

Here rude Invaders of the sacred Law,
 To Sin and Fetters chain'd, in Dungeons draw
 Unwholsome Air, or favour'd to their Shame
 Thro' a Nun's Lettice Poverty proclaim.
 A gloomy Haunt of Beggery and Lice,
 A medley Scene of Penitence and Vice:
 Some *Reprobates* in hellish Language swear,
 And Loads of Sin on harden'd Conscience bear:
 Relenting some in doleful Accents groan,
 And Follies past in heavy Notes bemoan:
 Horror, Distraction, and amazing Woe
 Precede the Tryal, and, as *Lictors*, go:
 With hov'ring Wings the Dread of future Fates
 Broods on the Conscience, and an Hell creates;
 Condemning-thoughts in legal Judges Room
 Foreboding Death, anticipate the Doom;
 Till trembling Wretches, shockt with guilty Fear,
 From awful Bench a real Sentence hear:
 Then follow Darkness and corrosive Chains,
 The Scripture Emblems of eternal Pains.
 But, Gracious God, the fearful Lot relieve,
 And Thieves once more in *Paradise* receive.

The (c) Northern Franch in sloping Shoots declines,
 Bedeckt with gawdy Shops on both its Lines;
 For whether Piles of Plate refin'd with Art
 Refulgent Rays thro' glassy Barriers dart,

(a) *Wine-Street.*(b) *New-gate.*(c) *High-Street.*

Or Flowred *Damask* or the Silk *Brocade*,
 With Golden Sprigs and Silver Fibres laid,
 Ravish the Fancy of a Bridal Maid;
 Or whether *Padus* of Foreign Make
 With glossy Jet the graver Matrons take,
 Here the whole Wardrobe of the Female Dress
 In wealthy Folds a standing Camp possess.

Below this gorgeous Supplement of Pride
 An high-arch'd Bridge commands *Avon*'s Tide,
 Whose ruffled Current runs in flashy Waves,
 And with Partition Streams (a) two Counties laves.
 On the *Rialto* hanging Buildings cling,
 As *Babylonian* Gardens seem'd to swing.

Beyond the Bridge a second City grows,
 And thousand Scenes of Wealth and Beauty shows.
 There lies the (b) spacious Street, where *London* Wares
 Display the tawdry Pageantry of Fairs;
 Temptations offer'd to the *Virgins* there
 To choose a Marriage-dress of modish Air.
 Observe! the flippant Sparks in Smartness nurs'd,
 With *Fleetstreet* Style and *Ludgate* Language vers'd,
 O'er glossy Silks in glossy Words explain,
 And, like the tongue-pad Lawyers, talk for Gain.
 As here the showy Toys the Eye delight,
 Next Nature's Pride presents a finer Sight.
 Lo! *Florio's* happy Spot in verdant Dress
 Trees modell'd Forms, and flowry Sweets express.

Methinks I feel the *Jessamine* and *Rose*
 A fragrant Breath in rich Perfume disclose;
 The *Orange* Plant indulg'd with warmest Rays
 High-flavour'd Scents, and Golden Fruit displays:
 The sweet Collections rang'd in finest Mould
 In various Figures cut, Proportion hold:
 For pruning Art redundant plenty crops,
 And shapes the spiral Yews in *Conick* Tops,

(a) Gloucestershire and Somersetshire.

(b) Temple-Street.

Whilst Silver *Hollies* wider Compass spread,
And guard with native Spears a globar Head.

Delicious Storehouse to amuse the Eye!
What Furnitures in one Plantation lye!
As spreading Branches flourish from a Tree,
A thousand other Gardens spring from thee.
So wise Historians tell, that ancient *Rome*
Preserv'd a set of Heroes all in Bloom;
But as the State in Strength and Numbers grew,
Large Colonies from off the Body drew;
Whose thriving Vertue spread the Planters Fame,
And conquer'd Worlds adorn'd with *Roman* Name.

(a) A neighb'ring Temple of Cathedral size,
Whose Tops in bulky Majesty arise,
Deriving Name and Strength from redden'd Cliffs
In towering Pride a lofty Steeple lifts;
Where Eight harmonious Musick-Engines hang,
That strike sonorous Peals in tuneful Clang;
Attractive Pulls in quick Vibrations fling
Revolving Bells, and nimble Changes ring:
Resisting Rocks and trembling Strokes of Air
Repeat the Sounds, and double Echoes bear,
Proclaiming Nuptial Joys or *Marlborough's* Fame,
When *Marlborough* stood, a great, unfullied Name.
The Hero fell; but ye, melodious Train,
Prepare your sweetest Notes in loudest Strain,
To sound the Triumphs of the next Campaign.

An *Ormond* (*Bristol's* Steward) leads the Van,
And big with Conquest forms a glorious Plan:
The Martial Soul with Emulation glows
To merit *Bleinheim*-Praise with *Bleinheim*-Blows;
He'll mural Crowns from boasting *Villars* snatch,
And conquer'd Towns with *Lisle* and *Doway* match;
On *Soma's* Bank with comfort *Eugene* shine,
As he with glorious *Nassau* cross'd the *Boyne*;

Nay, *Gallia's* King, the *British* Legions show,
Unless the *Peaceful Olive* stops the Blow.

Advance, great Leader, in the Track of Fame,
A double Foe in Siege or Battle tame.
I'd freely brighten your distinguish'd Praise,
And to heroick Merit Trophies raise :
But true Connexion's Rules resume the Clue,
And bid a Writer's Pen the Scheme pursue.

Hark ! when the heavy *Tenor's* fullen Sound
Calls Mortal Man to earthly Parent Ground ;
The noisy Cymbal casts a doleful Rore
Along the (a) busy Banks of adverse Shore,
Where shriller Sounds from vocal Clappers fly,
And cackling Dames with feather'd *Cacklers* try.
For here the *Wallian* Fleets, like *Noah's* Ark,
With Couplets stuff'd, a Medley-stock debark ;
O'er which the chatt'ring Tribe in dapper Dress
Quick broken Tones in gutt'ral Words express.

Politer *Ladies* grace a neighb'ring (b) *Green*
In Language, Building, Dress and Manners clean :
Here *Fabricks* rang'd a large Quadrangle stretch,
And modell'd Walks a lengthen'd Compass fetch ;
Whose modish *Lymes* in treble Order run
To skreen the walking *Beauties* from the Sun.
As yet the Plants no shady Coverts spread ;
But when the Verdure shoots a leafy Head,
Nature's *Umbrello's* will confus'dly meet,
And Summer Breezes fan the cool Retreat.

Two signal Domes the whole Contrivance Grace,
And with superior Beauty, aw the Place.
As optick Orbs in Man's Contexture roul,
Shine in Perfection, and direct the Whole ;
In finest Membranes wrought each Master-light
Contains a Wonder, and improves the Sight.

Grandeur and Neatness thro' the (c) Building shine,
Where *Fisco* reckons tributary Coin.

(a) *St. Nicholas-back.*

(b) *Queens-Square.*

(c) *The Custom-house.*

Here Empress Gold a wealthy Office keeps,
 Within whose Ward the treasur'd Tribute sleeps,
 A Tribute paid to *Ann's* Imperial Sway,
 Collecting all its Richness from the Sea.

As golden Sands, which working Billows throw
 In gather'd Heaps, a glist'ning Beauty show.

Hence large Revenues careful *Probo* drains
 To fill the Fountain-Head, where *Harley* reigns :
 Not surer venal Pipes of Human Blood
 Remit to Seats of Life the purple Flood ;
 Not *Severn's* Streams more faithful Homage pays
 To the vast Treasures of the sov'reign Seas.

Here Bands of active Souls with Eagle's Eye
 Trade's rich Returns with sharp Attention spy ;
 Some, Curlew-like, o'er Creeks and Shores survey
 To watch the Motions of a floating Prey.
 An useful Set, well arm'd with Justice Claws
 To guard the Fences of the Royal Laws.

The *Corner Building* of the northern Line
 With guarded Front and clean Apartments fine,
 It self a Town, in neat Compendium plac'd,
 With flashy Lights and fluted Pillars grac'd ;
 The grand *Prætorian* Dignity supports,
 And Eye, and Tooth with House and Table courts.

What can't Inventress Art and Labour do ?
 This handsome Square from heaps of Rubbish grew ;
 And, tho' past Years the marshy Bottom saw
 Thick drizzling Fogs from steaming Nature draw,
 No vap'rish Humours left, but only those
 Which Ladies sickly Fancies discompose :
 Where Level-walks delightful Lanes display,
 There wat'ry Mud in deep Confusion lay.
 So, when *Appelles* drew his Master-frame,
 From jumbled Paint the pretty *Venus* came.
 So *Holland's* Province built on boggy Lands
 Consummate Neatness, and a Beauty stands :
 Thus (since the Objects Similies provoke)
 The whole Creation from a *Chaos* broke.

Behind

Behind the Buildings new Plantations grow
To edge the Borders of the (a) Stream below,
Whose nat'ral Flood improv'd with Ocean's Tides
In constant Flux reciprocally glides.

Here slipp'ry Keels of dancing Wherries ply ;
With Canvass Wings some down the Current fly :

Some humble *Graft* in milder Eddies creep,
Whose angling Boats a silent Station keep,
And, like the first Disciples, search the Deep.

Some stem the Tide with strong impetuous Push,
And briskly row'd the frothy Surface brush ;
And as the sliding Vessels sweep the Stream,
Retreating Shores in swimming Motion seem.

Here *Clifton's* healthful Hills divert the Eye,
Whose wholesome Slopes in leaning Posture lye ;
There the Glass-forges Pyramids display
Built like the Tombs, where *Egypt's* Princes lay ;
In gradual Shape the round *Vesuvio's* grow,
The more in Height, the less in Compass show ;
Whose constant *vestal* flame thro' Funnels breaths
Thick dark'ning Clouds in curling smoky Wreaths,
Whose sooty Stench the Earth and Sky annoys,
And Nature's blooming Verdure half destroys.

Ye eastern Gales, that sweep the airy Space,
Such noisom Gusts to distant Regions chace ;
Lest smoth'ring Clouds defile the purer Air,
And *Clifton* choke, the sick Man's *Montpelier*.

A *salamandrine* Race in Cells below
Transparent Forms in fluid Metal blow,
And, like the melted Glass, in Heat and Moisture glow.
So *Ætna's* Shop, where sturdy Cyclops beat
Jove's flaming Darts, themselves in equal Heat,
Thro' porous Vents a smoky Sulphur yields,
That blasts the Fruit of fair *Sicilia's* Fields.

Along the winding Banks the Track pursue,
Rough nature's Works surprizing Objects shew.

Lo! craggy (a) *Rocks* afright the climbing Eye,
 And, like *Olympus's* Height, invade the Sky.
 The rugged Piece of Nature's *Grotesque* grows,
 And like the Ruins of a Building shows:
 Here interspers'd in cluster'd Brightness lye
 Like Constellations studded in the Sky,
 Some glist'ring Stones, which careful Nature locks
 Within the Cabinets of the firmest Rocks,
 Whose brilliant Sparks, when *Lapidaries* fine,
 With eastern Pearls in second Beauty shine.

The sever'd Cliffs discharge two diff'rent Streams,
This chills with Cold, *that* reeks with hottish Steams.
 The cold *Cascade* steep flashy Gushes throws,
 Not purer Draught in *Heber's* Channel flows.
 Hence *Paralytick* Limbs Composure drew,
 Hence Nerves convuls'd in stedd'y Order grew;
 An Engine now employs the Streams of Health
 For Engines work, the grand *Elixir*, Wealth.

The (b) adverse Spring thro' rocky Veins distills
 A lukewarm Stream in soft balsamick Rills;
 Whatever Fund the milky Juice supplies,
 The Source, like *Nile's*, at hidden Fountains lyes:
 The sov'reign Virtues of the healing Flood
 Check the salt Humours of scorbutick Blood;
 If *Leaky Vessels* running to Decay
 In diuretick Sweetness wast away,
 The Grievance stopt by due Retention, feels
 How Water here a wat'ry Humour heals.

The Flood below with interposing Streams
 Betwixt the Baths and stony Mountains swims,
 Receives the Waste of both, and tempers both Extremes.
 Then down the Current runs a bending Course
 Steering its Motions with an easy Force,
 Till *She* and *Severn* in Confusion meet,
 And Sister-streams in ruffled Kisses greet;

(a) *St. Vincent's Rocks.*(b) *The hot Well.*

Thence both transfus'd in *Kingroad's* Waves agree,
And jointly form a spacious Range of Sea.

Here outward Fleets, which guardian *Paulo* guides,
Expect the eastern Winds and helping Tides.
Here the swift Sailors of the trading Seas
Import in quick Returns the World's Increase,
Florentia's Wines, and *Sherry's* flavour'd *Must*,
Jamaica's Growth, or *Guinea's* Golden-dust.
And may the nimble Carriers Plow the Main
In great Success, and wealthy Commerce gain,
As long as Winds and Waves in liquid Kingdoms reign. }

Two (a) Island Rocks of different Form below
In wildest Dress a frightful Grandeur show ;
Hence *Neptune's* Tides a wid'ning Scope diffuse,
And spread a copious Theme for roving Muse :
But *Bristol's* Water-mark no farther tends ;
What bounds the *Prætor's* Sway, the Poem ends.

(a) Steep and flat Holms.